

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

By George E. Creel.

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Carlton Thorne believed as implicitly in love at first sight as he did in letting colds alone, and that meant a great deal, for he had been nearly killed once by following the thousand and one remedies proscribed by friends. Whether it was a horn or bred belief Thorne didn't know, maybe a little horn and then a little bred. Anyway, he went through life convinced that some time love would dawn upon him in the hat of an eye, not that he went about hunting for his affinity—oh, no! In fact, he was really passive in the matter and looked forward to the meeting only with a matter of course acceptance of a condition.

So as he rode down Riverside drive, all packed and jammed with the crowd



THE GIRL SPRANG LIGHTLY FROM THE CARRIAGE.

returning from a civic celebration, it was more by accident than anything else that he turned his head as he passed a carriage and saw—the girl!

Things didn't swim before his eyes, nor did the landscape grow black. He simply lighted a fresh cigar and followed in the wake of the carriage.

The back view was every whit as charming as his glimpse of her face—a coil of bronze hair above a shapely nape, pink tips of pretty ears and beautifully rounded shoulders incased in tailored blue.

Along Riverside drive, over to Fifth avenue, then down and across stopping at last before a brownstone front in what had formerly been the swell residence portion of the city, but now given over to high class boarding houses, the primal owners having retreated before the surging tide of business that thundered all around and was already forcing its turbulent way into the quiet block, a florist's shop flaunting its sign from the former drawing room of a society leader.

The girl sprang lightly from the carriage and ran up the steps, and Thorne rode away, after making a mental note of the number and location.

The next morning he put a rose in his lapel. Thorne always wore roses in times of great moment, carnations sufficing for commonplace use. When a struggling, starving artist, he had spent his last quarter for a rose with which to greet the coming of a patron. That patron had started him on the road to fame and fortune, and Thorne attributed it to the rose.

After the rose he took a lingering look around his rooms. He possessed a beautiful suit of apartments, a beauty of his own creation, too, for he had exercised a loving care in the purchase and arrangement of everything from the Algerian water bag, picked up for 15 cents at an auction, to the \$300 prayer rug. To give them up even for a time seemed hard, but Thorne had so decided during the night.

Faithlessly arrayed, he sallied forth to the brownstone front in the business locked street, and within the hour had engaged room and board.

He was punctuality itself at dinner and gave a start of relief when the "girl" entered the dining room, for the awful thought had come to him that she might have died or gone away. He sat at a table quite near her, and an hour's stealthy survey made him attribute divine inspiration to what he had been terming "foolish impulse" in the waiting moments before dinner.

She had all the beauty and freshness of a morning glory at the sun's first peep, the wit and wisdom of a woman, with a child's joyousness of demeanor, and the soft elision in her speech told of a southern home.

As for the young man with her, he was "an unmitigated ass." Thorne mentally called him so every minute of the hour and wondered what it was women saw in such fools.

The brownstone front was presided over by Mrs. Serena Hill, a dear old lady with a still beautiful face, although the struggle with post bellum poverty had scarred its rose leaf oval with many a careworn line.

But as for the colonel, her husband, he was still in mind the owner of a great plantation and lord of slaves and bore himself with so stately a grace and such fine courtesy that it never occurred to any one he should do otherwise than drink juleps in summer and eggnog in winter while his wife supported him.

The "girl's" name, Thorne found, was Juno Carter, a distant cousin of Mrs. Hill, but belonging to a branch of the

head than the colonel. She and her sister had come to New York for a stay of several months, but the sister had been called back home by the sudden arrival of her soldier fiance, having left the very evening prior to Thorne's coming.

Three days passed, and Thorne hadn't met Miss Carter yet.

The fourth day found him in a state of desperation. The "unmitigated ass" had been quite attentive the night before, and she had looked more than ordinarily charming. Thorne spent the forenoon at the club, but hurried home to lunch, for even seeing her with the "unmitigated ass" was better than not seeing her at all.

The storm that had been threatening broke as Thorne got off the car, and, glancing around to see that nobody was near he knew, he started off at the pace that had so often won him the candy stick in boyish races. He negotiated the corner beautifully, but it wasn't a subject of congratulation, for he came within an ace of running down a young lady. What with the wind, umbrella and bundles she was finding life anything but a grand, sweet song.

A glance at her face, and with an inward cry of thanks to all the gods Thorne made one wild leap to her side.

"Let me assist you. Quite windy. We're at the same house, you know!" he blurted out, a schoolboy eagerness displacing all his savior faire.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she breathlessly exclaimed, her eyes full of gratitude through wind blown curls. "It's—its awful!"

"Let me carry your bundles, too," begged Thorne as he possessed himself of the umbrella.

"But I thought men didn't like to carry bundles?"

"Only their own. By the way, my name's Thorne—Carlton Thorne."

"Dear me!" she laughed gayly. "I knew that the first day you came! Cousin Serena considers Mr. Thorne the artist and the colonel the two features of the house. My name's Juno Carter."

"I knew that, too," smiled Thorne. "My source of information is hardly unimpeachable, though—I listened and heard it. Strange we haven't been introduced."

"I reckon nobody had time." There was a plaintive note in Miss Carter's voice. "You Yankees are always in such a hurry! Why, honestly, I'm afraid to say good morning to people for fear I'm keeping them from business. Oh, dear, I seem to be the only one with leisure time!"

"I don't know about that. My hands are weighted down with time."

"But your work?"

"Complete rest—doctor's orders," Thorne glibly lied.

"You know, I'm an artist, too," confidently admitted Miss Carter. "At least I came here to enter art school, but haven't yet. I wrote mamma it was best for me to run around and see everything, and then I could settle down and have my mind on my work."

"Well, really," said Thorne, trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice, "a clearer and better conception of art can be obtained by visiting the galleries than in the school—that is, if you have some one with you who understands and can explain. Now, I'm going to make a tour of some Fifth avenue art rooms tomorrow, and if—"

"O-h-h-h!" There was a world of delight in Miss Carter's face, but then it died away. "But—"

"I'll fix it all right with Mrs. Hill!" confidently exclaimed Thorne.

And he did, for his name and position, and what was far more potent, honest eyes and deferential courtesy completely won Mrs. Hill, so that she decided the trip eminently proper, and next morning found Thorne saluting forth with Miss Carter by his side.



"LET ME ASSIST YOU."

The "unmitigated ass" stood forlornly on the steps, and to save his life Thorne couldn't help a triumphant squaring of his shoulders.

The morning went by like a dream, but it was simply the gay herald of a glorious company of days that followed. Miss Carter had never been in New York before, and her delight in everything invested the familiar objects with fresh interest for Thorne. He hated sightseeing and could never understand why people toiled to the

when they could stand on the ground and see them, but when Miss Carter thought it would be nice to climb up in the statue of Liberty he chimed in at once with the assertion that it was a "most delightful trip."

Three months went by, during which time his old haunts saw little of Thorne; sightseeing and sketching trips during the day and theater or some other form of amusement at night, all with his illness and need of recreation as an excuse.

Between Mrs. Hill's gentle joy over the antics of the comedians—she persisted in calling them "clowns" and "limber jacks"—and Miss Carter's open delight Thorne extracted an amazing quantity of pleasure from plays he had formerly voted "rot" and "bores." Colonel Hill seldom went with them.

"My dear sub," he would say, "aftah seen th' eldah Booth an th' peathless Matilda Heron I feel that attendin' th' tawdry drama of mod'n days would be a desecration to theah memories!"

Miss Carter, however, held that the dislike was because they passed water around between the acts.

The end of the three months found her preparing for Christmas home going, much to Thorne's distress. Everybody in the house knew and commented upon his devotion to Miss Carter. She alone seemed oblivious to the fact that he was in love with her.

It was the day before her departure, and they were out for a "last walk," for "I may not come back, you know," she had said, and Thorne's heart bounded at the quaver in her voice.

"See this church!" he suddenly demanded, stopping at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street. "Well, this is the Little Church Around the Corner."

"Why, what do they call it that for?" asked Miss Carter. "It's quite large."

"I don't know exactly, but I think it's because two theatrical people once went to the rector of a rich congregation near here to get married, and he said he hadn't any time and for 'em to go to the little church around the corner. And that's what it has been called ever since. It's a great place for people that want to get married in a hurry."

They had entered the gate and stood in the dark doorway, behind which yawned the dim recesses of the auditorium.

"And I want to be married in a hurry!" he cried in low, passionate tones.



"YOU LOVE ME, TOO, DON'T YOU?" "You are going away tomorrow. I love you—I love you. And you love me, too, don't you?"

From the depths of his lapel, in muffled, tearful accents, came "I—I—re-ckon I do."

There was no hitch in the marriage preparations after Thorne had told his name. "Fame has some compensations after all," he answered, with a grimace. And, as for the ring, the groom slipped his mother's time worn wedding circlet on the bride's slim finger.

They walked home slowly, silent and thoughtful in the presence of the great mystery—a mystery too sweet for words.

The Hills were told at once, and while the women wept in each other's arms, as women will, Thorne and the colonel pledged healths in some very fine Bourbon "sent by a friend from its native heath, sub!"

Their only regret in the matter was Thorne's Yankee birth, but the colonel came to the rescue with an optimistic assertion that "a few years' life in the south will fix that, as Majah Thorne is not deeply and irremediably tainted with Yankeeism."

They left for the south that night. Juno already experienced pangs of conscience and couldn't get to her mother fast enough.

As they sat in their compartment, her head resting naturally on his lapel, she suddenly asked, "When did you first commence to love me, honey?"

"The very first minute I saw you!"

"Nonsense! That's just a stock speech!"

"Not in this case! I saw you riding down Riverside drive the day of the big parade and—"

"Saw me coming down Riverside drive the day of the parade?"

She was sitting bolt upright now, with an expression of horror on her face.

"Why, yes, dearie!" said Thorne in an amazed tone. "You had on a blue dress and—"

With one heartbroken cry Thorne's bride buried her face in the cushions and wept convulsively.

"I—I was s-sick that day and didn't g-go out! I-it was my t-twin s-sister you saw!"

An old woman in St. George's work-house of England lost her sight entirely at the age of 93. She has since learu-

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Fascinating Effects in New Cloths. Artificial Flower Trimming—The Lace Boleros of Imported Dresses. A Fine Evening Cloak.

It is gowns for the street and gowns for every sort of function a New York season can produce which are agitating the feminine world and dress-makers in particular, and there is no limit to the demands for elegant effect. It would seem that the secret of dis-



PINK PANNIE EVENING GOWN.

timon in dress this season must be a large measure of extravagance and most elaborate decoration, if the new evening gowns are any criterion, for they are certainly the acme of elegance in combinations of materials and skilled hand work, with artistic embroidery and hand painting at the head. Satin finished crepe de chine, brocaded panne, lace, gauze and hand painted silks are the favored materials of fashion for evening dress.

Cloth has been brought out by the dressmakers as a desirable fabric for evening dress once in a period of years for a long time, but never before so attractively as it is shown this season. It is extremely fine in quality, with a gloss like satin, and the dainty pale tints give it special distinction. The cameo tints are beautiful, but the white cloth in the ivory tint rather has the lead. In any color fur should be a part of the decoration to give a warmth in effect which cloth in pale tints especially needs. However, it is hardly possible that cloth will become generally popular for evening dress, as the lighter materials are so much better for dancing gowns and so much cooler to wear.

Pale pink panne with lace applique and frills of pink point d'esprit express one of fashion's harmonies in dress.

Artificial flowers play a very important part among the new evening gowns, and none but the very best is



NEW EVENING CLOAK.

used. Small flowers are the thing when the skirt has this decoration and the larger flowers when there is only a bunch on the bodice. A single flower in the hair with a twist and two loops of white tulle is a fashionable addition to the evening costume, and then there are all sorts of jeweled aigrets, butterfly wings and bows of lace and velvet wired into place.

Little boleros of Renaissance and brussels applique lace are seen on some of the imported evening gowns, especially those made of panne.

The idea of using two materials for the skirt seems to prevail in nearly all the dressy costumes, and when the same fabric is employed for the entire skirt it is arranged to give the effect of difference.

Silk lace very similar to the blond laces worn so many years ago has been revived again.

Elegant and useful in evening cloaks is one of cloth, satin lined and completed with one of the new hoods lined with shirred lace and trimmed around the edge of the frill with velvet. The items and illustrations here given are selected from the New York Sun's resume of rich fashions now prevailing.

To Clean Marble. If a marble bath or basin has been discolored by drippings from the faucet, scour it with pulverized chalk moistened with ammonia. Another good way to clean marble is to use a strong solution of washing soda, into which a little whitening has been dissolved. Cover the marble with the mixture and let it remain on for about an hour. Then rub it off and polish

YOU CAN'T



Make sweet butter in a sour churn. The stomach is a churn. A foul stomach fouls the food put into it. When the food is fouled the blood made from it is fouled also. Foul blood means disease. Cleanse the churn and you have sweet butter. Cleanse the stomach and you have pure blood. The far reaching action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its effect on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases which begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach. Because the stomach is the centre of physical nourishment, every part of the body suffers when that organ is diseased. When the stomach is "weak" it cannot extract from the food it receives the nourishment necessary to sustain the body in vigorous health. Sometimes the whole body suffers and is enfeebled. Sometimes the weakness of some particular organ attracts disease.

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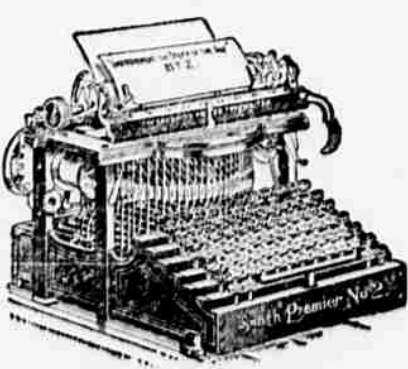
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SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

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